

Dissectio Mentis Humanæ :

O R A

Satiric ESSAY

O N

Modern Critics, Stage and Epic Poets,
Translators, Drolls, Ill-repute, Burials, Great Guns and
Gun-powder, Physicians, Sleep, Politicians, Patrons,
Necessity, Philosophers, Prophets, Conjurors, Witches,
Astrologers, Stars, Gypsies, Cunning-men, Physiog-
nomy, Giants, Human-Complexions, Fictitious Beings,
Elves or Faries, Apparitions, Men of Business, Wealth,
Pride and Avarice, Virtue and Sense, Courage, Honour,
Education, Conversation, Travel, a Vicious Taste, a
City and Country Life, Flattery, Law, Custom and
Reason, Free-thinking, Religion, Priestcraft, Public
Justice, Learning and Learned Men, Curious Arts,
Love and Friendship, Ambition, Truth, Greatness,
and Life.



*Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.
Tam Ficti praviq̃ue tenax, quam Nuncia Veri.*

VIRGIL.



L O N D O N :

Sold by THO. WARNER at the *Black-Boy* in
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TO THE

Beautiful, Youthful, Airy, Easy,
Ingenious, and Good Natur'd

ELIZA, a Mendicant.

May it please your Lowness,



*Youthful Person, eminently
Beautiful, in a low For-
tune or Degree, is like
a Jewel in the Mine; it
attracts the Desire and Esteem of
Those who know the true Value of
Things, who apply to it with an im-
partial Regard.*

A 2

Such

The Dedication.

Such is your Lowness, to whose personal Advantages of Youth and Beauty, are added untainted Wit, easy Affability, undissembled Good-nature, and unaffected Complaisance.

These, may it please Your Lowness, are more peculiarly Your own; nor do they depreciate the Rest, but conspire to render their Possessor as universally Acceptable, as she is singularly Amiable.

'Tis in Consideration of These, that I cannot despair of a favourable Reception of this Trifle, which I presume to dedicate to Your Lowness, my chosen Patroness; Your Lowness (tho something extraordinarily unqualify'd in Learning, Education, and
Cir-

The Dedication.

Circumstances) *being nothing extraordinaryly unqualify'd to Distinguish and Reward!* Be therefore graciously pleas'd to receive it, with my most sincere Benevolence.

To wish You more Beautiful, seems fruitless; and to wish You a more exalted Fortune (should that Wish take effect) might prove to Your Disadvantage, since Fortune might render You liable to that Vanity, or Ill-disposition, from which You are better exempted in Your present Station.

May You therefore continue as You are, acquire a Mate suitable in Condition and Qualifications to Your Self; and by transmitting those Qualifications to Your Race, may
Poste-

The Dedication.

Posterity reap *those* Things from
You, *which in* You are the De-
light and Ornament of the present
Time.

I am,

May it please your Lowness,

Your Lowness's

Most Devoted, Humble,

Obedient Servant and

Admirer,

Bezaleel Morrice,



A DISSERTATION



DISSERTATION

ON

JUDGMENT.



Mem'ry's hoarded Treasures well pos-
(sels'd,

And Fancy's inexhaustible Supplies ;

In amicable Offices combin'd

With ev'ry faithful *Guardian* of the Soul ;

* a

Or

A DISSERTATION

Or in confed'rate Int'rest, firmly leagu'd
With the *Controulers* of the rapid *Will*,
Dwells JUDGMENT, in the *Minds* serene *Recess* ;
Delib'rate, solid, temp'rate, and discreet ;

Who REASON's Ballance holds with steady Hand,
And ponders all things with assiduous Care ;
And all things tries, or orders, or improves ;
No Matter of Importance, rare, or new,
Without his previous *Council* is design'd ;
And nothing perfected without his Aid :

He regulates th'extensive *Pow'rs* of Thought,
Who jointly own his equal *Laws* ; and Him,
With well concerted *Approbation*, hold

IMPERIAL ARBITRATOR of the Mind :

Yet

on JUDGMENT.

Yet all his *Value*, from Himself deriv'd,
Experience but confirms, and *Time* matures;
Nature alone indulgently bestows
His beneficial, and transcendant Pow'r;
Like genuine *Strength* and *Beauty*, unacquir'd

Oh! thou, who like th'IMPERIAL SUN, disdain'st
Dependant *Light*, or *arrogated Raies*;
Who, by thy native *Lustre*, canst reveal
All things most rightly, most compleatly too;
Enlighten Thou my SOUL, that I may know
Divinest *Reason* to discern, and chuse;
Thence all perverting *Prejudice* remove,
All partial *Bias* of the gloomy *Mind*;
And while for *Truth*, in Causes far remote

A DISSERTATION, &c.

I search, and trace the *Maze* of *Humankind*;
When most bewilder'd when obstructed most,
When most distress'd, dejected and forlorn;
By inconfid'rate *Prejudice* assail'd,
By *Folly* hated, or by *Pride* oppress'd
(In Opposition of *habitual Wrong*)
Be thou my gen'rous *Patron*, gracious *Friend*,
Defender, *Leader*, *Counsellor*, and *Guide*.



Dissectio Mentis.

The ARGUMENT.

THE *Invocation and Proposition.* What Critics formerly were, and shou'd be; what they now are; that they write worse themselves than those they blame; which proves there want of true Taste or Comprehension of the Nature of those Works, and the Designs of their Authors: Some Personal Instances produc'd to prove their Censure arising from Prejudice, or Inability. A Reflection on the Play called *Sophonisba*. A short Dissertation on the principal Qualities, or Ingredients of Plays. Milton the most extraordinary of modern Epic Poets, and Homer and Virgil of any. The Qualifications of Wit, and true Excellence in Writing. Translators imperfect. Drolls unfortunate or degenerate, and the Bane of Civil Society. The Mischief of Ill-repute. Various Customs of Burial. Great-Guns and Gun-powder, said to have been invented by Lucifer. The Uncertainty of Physic, and jarring Principles of Physicians. Blackmore an imaginary Rhetorician. Lock, the the Mind's Physician. An Address to Sleep. B---y in Love with the Moon. A Prayer to the Moon to guide our Politics. The Self-interestedness of Politicians, or Patriots. The Pride, Ignorance, and Perverseness of Patrons. The cruel Ills of Necessity. The Vanity and fruitless Endeavours of those who seek the Philosopher's Stone. Nixon, an imaginary Prophet. Conjurers unable by the Devil's Means to

prognosticate. The D---I not to be believ'd in his Prognostications, or trusted in any Compact. Old Women not Witches by the D---I's Means, nor Young-ones; tho' the Latter may be more properly call'd so. The Fallacy of Astrology. The Stars all probably Worlds. Gypsies not Prophetesses, but Thieves. Cunning-men, Cheats. The Certainty of Physiognomy. No Giants. No Pygmies. Human Complexions all naturally or originally Fair. No Nymphs, Satyrs, Mermaids, Trytons, Minataur, Centaur, Dragons, Enchanters, or real Sea-monsters. No Elves or Fairies, nor Apparitions. What Men of Business generally are, and most properly should be. Pride and Avarice Enemies to Virtue and true Excellence. Wealth an excessive Countenancer of Villainy, and a most enormous Oppressor of Merit. Flattery the vilest Degeneracy of human Nature. The Fortune of Virtue and Sense. The Proofs of Courage. The Marks of true Honour. The Danger of Education. Errors of Conversation. Unbeneficialness of Travel. A City and Country Life best subordinate to Reason and Decency. Law perverted. The Prerogatives of Custom and Reason. What Free-thinkers should be. How Religion should be treated and esteem'd. The Character of Priestcraft. Love fantastical and uncertain. Friendship useful and solid. The Nature of Public Justice, in Regard to Human Excellence. What Learning should be, and Learned Men most commonly are. A Caution to those, who peremptorily follow curious Arts. The Temper of Ambition. The Disposition of Truth. The Character of true Greatness. Life, weak and uncertain in its State; yet best applicable to the Search of true Excellence.

Dis-



Dissectio Mentis, &c.



O *H Reason*, with thy well-discov'ring
 (Light,
 Aid and direct my *Muse's* search-
 (ing Flight ;
 To trace in Part the *Maze* of *Ha-*
 (man-kind,
 And *Truth* in various *Intricacies* find ;

Dissect the *Play* by human *Follies* made,
 Or of its *Habits* strip the *Masquerade* ;
 What undiscerning *Ignorance* reveals,
 Or sly *Disguise* more artfully conceals,
 To shew ——— to shew the current *Fallacies*,
 That pass for *Truth* ——— the creditable *Lyes*

Detect,

Detect, from what they wou'd unfairly seem,
 And let, like *Nature*, various be my *Theam*;
 From strictest *Order*, or *Connexion* free,
Bold! easy! and diversify'd! — as She,

From *Nature*, *Wit* deriv'd its early *Birth*,
 Like *Trees* proceeding from the fertile *Earth*;
 As *they*, however bountiful and fair,
 Still need the *Gard'ner's* beneficial *Care*,
Wit needs the *Critic*, skillfully t'erace
 Injurious *Stains*, and heighten ev'ry *Grace*,
 With *Judgment* and industrious *Care*, to find
 Each secret *Good*, and be severely kind;
 Such *ancient Critics* were; beneath their *View*,
 And just *Regard*, a while it choicely grew!

But

But Oh, in *Time*, a strange and savage Race
 Encroaching, did the *noble Plant* debase ;
 With *Arrogance* and with a stubborn *Will*,
 Watch'd o'er its *Growth*, only to treat it ill,
 And shew their *false* and their *malicious Skill* ;
 By *these* assaulted many *barb'rous Ways*,
 It *droops*, and in its worthy'st *Parts* decays ;
 Like *Frosts* they nip, like *Locusts* they defile,
 And have no *Care*, but to destroy and spoil !
 How *few* possess, of *those* we most admire,
 The *Critic's* Judgment, with the *Poet's* Fire ?
 Their various *Talents* scarce uniting meet,
 Yet curious *Horace* is in *both* compleat ;
Labour and *Time* this *Excellence* procure
 At best — slow-rises, what must *long* endure !

Nature

Nature he views in the compleatest *Light*,
 Whose *Judgment's* clear! unprejudic'd! and right!
 Thro' want of true *Capacity*, or *Taste*,
 Our *Critics* start from *nothing* up in haste!
 Largely incumbering poetic *Ground*,
 Their blasting *Venom* they dispense around;
 Some, loaden with the *Lumber* of the *Schools*,
 Wou'd cramp all *Beauty* by pedantic *Rules*;
 These to the closest *Drudgery* wou'd doom,
 Nor give true *Spirit* either *Breath*, or *Room*;
 Nor *Nature*, which they know not, can admire,
 Or relish just *Propriety*, and *Fire*!
 Because *Attire* and *Equipage*, they see
 Declare in *Men*, the height of their *Degree*,
 Some look for *splendid Words* in ev'ry *Line*,
 Nor reach their Author's *Meaning* or *Design*,

Nor in *Simplicity* can find good *Sense*,
 Or real *Art* in seeming *Negligence* !
 In short, not any *Excellence* they know,
 But what's compriz'd in *Custom*, *Form*, and *Show* !
 Such wild *Conjectures* frequently they make,
 Some *Things* they so misconstrue or mistake,
 Perhaps to seem to *Them* directly well,
 'Tis quite impossible indeed t'excel !
 And *all* the *Meaner* all *Things* understand,
 Not by the *Intrinick Value*, but the *Hand* :
Critics are *now* in meer *Appearance* found !
 As *Poets* in an undulating *Sound* !

Say — was it *Reason* or *pedantic Spite*,
 Made stubborn *Milbourn* blunderingly write ?

On *Dryden's Writings* pouring out a C—se,
 He writes *himself* incomparably — worse!
 But *Collier* prim'd his *thund'ring* Pen, and writ
 With bouncing *Store* of irritated *Wit* ;
 Exclaiming that the *Writers* of the *Stage*,
 Had quite perverted the *Religious Age* !
 And might not this *Religious Writer* be
 Provok'd indeed? in the *supream Degree* ?
 What can for their *Enormities* atone,
 By whose *Endeavours*, to the *Life* are shewn,
 The *Pictures* of his *Brethren*, and his *own* ?
Gildon, since *Nature* had his *Pow'r* withstood
 To write, resolv'd to censure *those* who cou'd !
Refining Rhymers, who cou'd find among
 Fam'd *Shakespear's Jewels*, such a *Store* of D—g,

Perform'd *his self* in *Verse* so very ill,
 He's ev'n below the meanest *Critic's* Skill;
 His self does with such *Poverty* abound,
 That not one *Jewel* in his *Traff* is found.
 But lo! a *Writer* grasping *Fame* and *Gold*,
 In spite of all the *Critics*, new! and old!

Lo, *Sophonisba*, perish'd many Years,
 Again *advances*! and again *appears*!
 Thy ventr'ous *Verse*, oh, *Thomson*! void of dread,
 Recalls the murder'd *Heroin* from the Dead;
 To *Death* the blooming Bride was doom'd by Lee,
 T'avoid an *Enemy*, perhaps like thee!
 Lee roars in *Bombast* often, yet between
 His *Rants*, true *Nature* chequers ev'ry Scene;

From cloudy *Fustian*, to clear *Sense* he falls,
 As *mad Men* have their lucid *Intervals* ;
 But here, none *Nature* well discerning, knows,
 Thy restif *Verse* such *Affectation* shows :
 'Tis true by its *Solemnity* of *Show*,
 It cou'd regale the trivial *Belle* and *Beau* ;
 Now, its false *Light*, and *fanciful attire*
 Departed, and extinct its *Action's Fire*,
 Now, to the *Press* transported from the *Stage*;
 Over each *pond'rous* and *unweildy Page*
 We doze; thy *Play*, stripp'd of its *sceenal Pride*
 Is found so *stiff*, and *undiversify'd* !

Oh, whither from the *Stage* is manly *Sense*
 Departed ? where is moving *Eloquence* ?

Where

Where is the *Poet*, whose capacious *Mind*
 Is now th' accomplish'd *Mirrou* of *Mankind* ?
 Whose *Language* varies, rises, and declines,
 And suits all *Characters* ? and all *Designs* ?
 Whose *Plot* is intricate, yet unperplex't,
 With *Dulness*, or *Obscurity*, unvext ;
 Whose *Incidents* so naturally fall,
 Whate'er he represents, seems real all ?
 Who makes *Distress* the hardest *Heart* controul,
 And pierce thro' the *Recesses* of the *Soul* !
 He who cou'd o'er the *Mind* preside so well,
 At whose *Command* the *Passions* rose or fell ;
Ingenius *Otway*, tender *Otway's* dead,
 And with him *Tragick Art*, and *softness* fled !
 From *Him* (yet failing too in many *Things*)
 Alone, our just *drammatic Glory* Springs.

Oh,

Oh, cou'd we now, like daring *Milton*, sing
 (Of a *prodigious* and *amazing* Theam)
 In *Strain* so solid ! nervous ! and sublime !
 Use such *Invention*, such prevailing Force
 As he, who of the fall'n *angelick Peers*,
 Disclos'd the deep implacable *Designs*;
 And in tremendous and delicious *Terms*,
 Reveal'd th' *Adventures* of th' infernal Chief,
 Who pass'd, tho' thrice three-fold, *Hell's* horrid
 Guarded by hideous *Forms* ! and sulph'rous *Flames*;
 Enclos'd ! thro' *Chaos* and the *Realms of Night*,
Discord ! *Confusion* ! and *eternal Gloom* !
 In *blissful Paradise* arriv'd enrag'd,
 And, in *Man's Ruin* sought revengeful *Sway* !

This

This gracious *Poet* cou'd we well pursue,
 Attempt so *nobly* ! and so nobly do !
 Yet, to our Purpose more concisely hold,
 And be *correct* and *regular*, as *bold* ;
 The *British Muse*, thro' her *victorious Strain*,
 From all *Contenders* shou'd the *Prize* obtain ;
 Behold with *Joy* her *Glory's* vast *Encrease*,
 And vye with antient *Italy* and *Greece* !

No *Modern Poet* can with this compare,
 Or shew such sweet and such commanding Air ;
 The *French* (that in their *academic School*,
 Censur'd *immortal Wit* by *modish Rule*)
 No *Parallel* have manifested yet,
 Nor *Italy* itself, since *Maro* writ ;

Not such a Candidate for Fame appears,
 Among a rolling *Multitude* of Years.
Cowley must with his *Daveideis* wait,
 As failing in *Accomplishment* and *State*;
 The valiant *Gideon* vanquish'd must remain,
 And be, like all his *Author's Projects*, vain;
 But let both *Arthurs* and *Eliza* go,
 And found'ring rumble to the *Ghosts* below:
 All must to *Homer's Fire* resign the *Field*,
 To *Virgil's Method* and *Exactness* yield!
 For was the *God of Verse* himself to write!
Transcendant Maro's easy-courtly *State*,
 Such masterly *Propriety* of *Style*,
 Such *Beauty* and such *Elegance* he'd use!

True *Wit* is *Nature* to the *Life* express'd,
 With all her various *Excellencies*, dress'd
 In simple *Neatness* ! artful *Negligence* !
 'Tis thus she can subdue the ravish'd *Sense*,
 Thus, make the *Passions* of the *Soul* submit ;
 And *Poetry*'s the *Quintessence* of *Wit* ;
 Fair *Nature* most successfully to trace,
 In ev'ry *Feature*, ev'ry winning *Grace*,
Reason alone declares the certain *Road*,
 Tho' devious from th'accustomary *Mode*.

True Excellence can but from *Nature* flow,
 Nauseous is *Affectation* useless *Show* ;
 Whatever can the *Most-discerning* please,
 Must wear the *Garb* of *Negligence* and *Ease* ;
 Who most in just *Sublimity* excel,
 Are only they who copy *Nature* well : .

Let *Genius*, like the *Sun*, in ev'ry *Place*;
 Largely bestow distinguishable *Grace* ;
 But the combin'd *Assistances* of *Art*,
 Let modest *Care* conceal, in ev'ry *Part* !
 All *Qualities* shou'd interwoven lye,
 So mixt, that *None* may the *Distinction* spy ;
 When prompted most to give deserv'd *Applause*,
 None know the *Secret*, the peculiar *Cause* !
 Thus, in th'elab'rate *human Frame*, the *Soul*
 A like informs, and actuates the *Whole* ;
 Its *Pow'r* in ev'ry *Look*, and *Gesture* shown,
 It *Self*, except in its *Effects*, unknown !

The *Grecians* and the *Romans* most excel,
 Only because they copy *Nature* well ;

And

And he who well wou'd copy them, must trace
 Their full Resemblance, and their living grace;
 From any *Charm*, who deviates, or who fails,
 Nor, o'er the Mind so pleasingly prevails;
 He, not his *Author*, but himself portrays,
 And cannot merit a *Translator's* Praise :

When P----e, within th' eternal Dome of *Fame*,
 An equal Station did with *Homer* claim;
Apollo shook his glorious Head and smil'd,
 Must I said he, like *Britons* be beguil'd?
 Thou wear'st the *Semblance* of the *Greek's* Attire,
 But where are his *Magnificence* and *Fire*?
 Is all the Pow'r of *Elevation*, found
 In glitt'ring *Words*? and undulating *Sound*?

If *Dignity* Appearance can create,
Useless are *Honour*, *Title*, and *Estate*;
Who dresses like a *Lord*, is great as he!
And any *Actor* may a *Hero* be!

Pope is array'd (the Beaus and Belles to please)
In lively Splendour, Harmony and Ease ;
A Flash of Fancy varnishes his Lines,
With glossy Words his tinsel Meaning shines :
Often to those of an imperfect View,
What's false and empty, solid seems and true !
But where's that Strength, and that commanding
Which brings Concern, as in the latest Hour ?
(Pow'r,
That State, and that enthusiastic Rage,
Which can the Mind's whole Faculties engage ?

Surprise

Surprise and *Rapture*, to the height impart!

Unfolding all the *Mysteries* of *Art*!

Where is display'd that penetrating *View*,

Which in a Moment passes *Nature* thro'?

In thee, oh, *Pope*! here, here, we must despair,

No *Dancing-master* has a *Monarch's* Air!

No quaint *Italian*, with melodious *Trill*,

Can reach a *Cherubim*, in *Voice* and *Skill*!

Nor he who has with *Approbation* trod

The *Theater*—can personate a *God*!

Who writ a *Play*, scarce worthy to compare,

With an heroic *Droll* of *Smithfield-Fair*;

Welfed——has yet, in his ill-grounded Thought,

Our polish'd *Rhet'ric* to *Perfection* brought.

Judicious *Bard* ! judiciously engage,
 The nicer *Part* of this judicious *Age* ;
 Thy brilliant *Writing*, brilliant *Wits* caress,
 So like *themselves* endu'd, with ——— *Emptiness* !

Horace has *Conduct*, *Ovid*, lively *Ease* ;
 This can by *Art*, and that by *Nature* please ;
 In *Virgil* both, with *Elegance* combine,
Majestic Sweetness flows in ev'ry *Line* ;
 How gently does *Anacreon* entertain ?
 How like a *Whirlwind's* Rage is *Pindar's* rapid
Homer (th'essential *Pride* of *Humankind*,)
 Had all *Perfection* center'd in his *Mind* !
 These *Judgment* rules ! *Imagination* fires !
 And ev'ry *Age* successively admires !

But

But oh, these *penetrating Times!* that see,
Leonard! th'occult *Accomplishments* in thee!
 Thou, void of genuine *Knowledge, Art, and Sense,*
 And but supply'd with *Shadow* or *Pretence,*
 To please — what *Wonder* must *Mankind* assign
 To thee? oh, what an *Excellence* is thine?
Lucilius openly, his *Fangs* and *Claws,*
 At *Wealth* and *Title,* like a *Lyon* draws;
Persius cou'd *Faults,* with *Subtilty* disclose,
 And *human Frailty,* in *Disguise* expose;
 The *Properties* of both united meet,
 In *Juvenal,* who, daring and discreet,
 The *Cause* of *Truth* with manag'd *Rage* protects,
 Drags forth the *Villain,* and the *Fool* dissects!
 But thou, oh *Leonard!* do'st, by surer ways,
 Slyly and boldly — ev'ry *Mortal* praise!

All *Qualities* alike discreetly prize,
 And, who is *Rich* or *Great*, thou mak'st him *Just*!
 (or *Wise* !

Our *Modern Wit* is feeble, or unsound,
 Scarce ever justly! seldom long renown'd!
Settle was once of the reputed Sort,
 Embellishing the *Play-house* and the *Court*;
 But did, like *Satan*, from his Height subside,
 By ill-concerted *Principles* and *Pride*;
 Dejected then, employ'd his choicest Care,
 To grace a *Wedding*, or my good *Lord Mayor*;
 So *China's Pride* (its Use or Value pass'd)
 When flaw'd, is scorn'd, or the *Dunghill* cast.

Durfey and *Brown*, up-hell'd by *Beef* and *Ale*,
 Cou'd sing a *Catch*, or tell a merry *Tale*;

When

When from the *Bailiff*, or the *Counter* freed,
 When *Fancy* was not quit depress'd by *Need*;
 Their *Learning* and their *Eloquence* at best,
 With *Rakes* and *Bullies* prov'd a—standing jest!
 Hard *Fate*! or worse *Degen'racy* of *Mind*!
Dupes to the *Profligatest* of their *Kind*,
 To prove—by *Habit* to become betray'd
 To give *lewd Mirth*, and brutal *Follies* aid;
 To sooth and prompt, what *Wit*, by *Nature's Law*;
 Has *Right* and *Pow'r* both to chastise and awe.

Let's treat our selves with pertinent *Respect*,
 For who *themselves* but seemingly neglect,
 Whatever *Qualities* they hold—may find
 The *Hatred*, or *Disdain* of *Humankind*!

Disadvantageous is in ill Repute
 To *Vegetable*, *Animal*, or *Bruit* ;
 All things, beheld in this pernicious *Light*,
 Are persecuted with invet'rate Spight ;
 Some *Plants* and *Herbs* are innocent, tho' thought
 With little less than deadly *Poison* fraught ;
 Because some dangerous, or pernicious prove
 (The seeming threaten'd *Evil* to remove)
 Curs'd is the *Spider* in the *Dome*, and *Snake*,
 Of ev'ry *Sort*, in covert of the *Brake* ;
 But many *Snakes* were not for harm design'd,
 And lurking *Spiders*, many of the *Kind*,
 Are useful, void of *Venom* ; and employ
 Their *Care*, polluting *Insects* to destroy :
 The *Snake*, did none his *Reputation* stain,
 Might safely greet the *Trav'ller* on the *Plain* ;

Arachne, said with *Pallas*, once to vye

(Only offensive to the vagrant *Fly*)

If *she* was rightly understood, might dwell,

Without *Disturbance*, in her woven *Cell*!

Chiefly alone from our mistaking *Things*,

Malice arises! *Persecution* springs!

Beauty and *Wit* are thus obnoxious made,

As often plac'd in *Fortune's* envious *Shade* ;

And vain is *Thought*, what *Nature* has design'd,

The *Glory*, and the *Grace* of *Humankind*!

Examine *human Nature* well, you'll find

Meer *Notion* or *Opinion* sways the *Mind* ;

Tell me, whence else, our various *Customs* came ?

Reason is certain ! *Nature* still the same !

Reason and *Nature* rightly ruling — We
 In all things shou'd eternally agree !
 As diff'rent *People* diff'rent *Ways* have chose
 To live ; their *Dead* they variously dispose ;
 But most the mould'ring *Carcases* intomb,
 Or instantly in rapid *Flames* consume :
Persians, (residing even now, where reign
Successors of th' illustrious *Tamerlane*)
 Suppose the *Fire* a *Deity* — and th' *Earth*
 The *Parent*, whence all *vital Things* had *Birth* ;
 They therefore either to pollute refuse
 (As fav'ring of *Impiety*) and chuse
 The *Bodies* of their *Dead* expos'd to lay,
 Of rav'nous *Vultures* to become the *Prey* ;
 And thus, what was abominable deem'd
 By most ; by them is practis'd and esteem'd !

And

And we, who think politeſt *Arts* adorn
 Our *Minds*; who *Chriſtians* are conceiv'd, and born!
 Are taught of *Vanity* to diſallow,
 And ſolemnly renounce by ſacred *Vow*;
 Yet keep *vain Things* inceſſantly in View,
 And, all our *Lives*, induſtriouſly purſue;
 Nay *dead*, affecting to be *vainly-great*,
 We march to be devour'd by *Worms* in *State*;
 And ſeem to ſtrive to *Heav'n* itſelf to go,
 With (what is moſt excluſive) *Pompeous Share*!
 Expoſ'd a while the wretched *Carcasſ* lies,
 And greets, with glaring *Grief*, the *Gazer's Eyes*;
 Then formally, in counterfeited *Woe*,
 Behold a *Train* of mimic *Mourners* go!

The

And

The sable *Coffin* sinks into the *Tomb*,
 To moulder 'till the *long-reviving Doom* ;
 A *Bust* is form'd, where searching *Eyes* may find
 The *Characters* of the departed *Mind* ;
 A stately *Marble Monument* appears,
 Declaring what unprofitable *Years*
 He living wasted, and the bounteous *Stone*
 Abounds with *Virtues* — that were never known !

What in the *World* produces wond'rous *Change*,
 Is thought itself produc'd by *Means* as strange !
 The roaring *Cannon*, sulph'rous *Grain*, and *Balls*,
 Which founder *Fleets*, demolish'd *Rocks* and *Walls* ;
 Rend the firm *Works* of the beleaguer'd *Town*,
 And mow, like *Grass*, the mounted *Squadrons* down :

Who

Who can suppose sprung from a *Monkish Cell* ?
 Came they not rather, from — the *Lord of Hell* ?

When *Lucifer* undaunted, in array,
 Rang'd his *Battallions* with the rising Day ;
 When the divided *Ranks* reveal'd to View,
 Th' infernal *Leader's Engines* strange ! and new !
 His levell'd *Ordinances* tripple *Tire* ;
 And he pronounc'd, in *horrid Tone*——give *Fire* !
 Thro' their rude *Roar*, rumbl'd the *Abyss* pro-
 (found,
 And *Heaven's* high *Roof* re-bellow'd to the *Sound* ;
 Then *Flame* and *Smoak* defil'd the limpid *Sky*,
 And *Thunder*, and its *Bolts* conjunctive, seem'd to
 (fly ;
 Then *Angel* and *Arch-angel* tumbled down,
 As, at *Omnipotence's* darted *Frown*,
 Confounded——thro' their *Essences* (in vain
 Oppos'd) the *Bullets* plough'd th' *Impyrean Plain*.
 Thus

Thus we the strange *Originals* relate,
 Of *Things* amazing ! horrible ! or great !
 And thus, we those of *Humankind* surmise,
 Supremely daring, fortunate, or wise,
 (Like *Miracles*) descended from the Skies !

What pressing *Woes* on *Humankind* attend ?
 And spur and quicken our too forward End ?
 Not only we precipitate our *Fate*,
 By all th' invented *Engines* of *Debate* ;
 But *Multitudes* of *Maladies* distress,
 And lessen our imperfect *Happiness* ;
 In vain, a *beneficial Help* to find
 We fondly hope, from our disast'rous kind ;
 While *fatal Men* (oh, *Life* how unsecure!)
 Promote those *Mischiefs* they pretend to cure.

Garth

Garth more than a *Physician*, was a *Wit*,
 An *Verses* better than *Prescriptions*, writ ;
 Yet by *Prescription* Wealthy he became,
 As some ascend, without *Desert*, to *Fame* !

Radclif, by serious *Caution* uncontroll'd,
 Was, like an *Emp'ric*, fortunate and bold ;
 Disease, by *Importunity* and *Boldness*,
 Perhaps is conquer'd, like a *Woman's Coldness* ;
 But ever sure, the *Patient's* best *Salvation*
 Is center'd in his own *Imagination* !
Physic's uncertain as *Divinity*,
 In both alike *Professors* disagree ;
Knowledge compleat, and void of *Error*, fails
 In both, and *Fancy* more than *Truth*, prevails :

None knows th' *OEconomy* of *human Frame*,
 None, but the wond'rous *Author* of the *same* !
 The variously *Dependance* of its *Parts*,
 Transcends the *Reach* of all enquiring *Arts* !
 As some *Supream Mechanical Device*
 (In due *Proportion* exquisitely nice)
 None, when disorder'd safely can pretend,
 None, but its *Author*, shou'd presume to mend !
Physicians may the credulous beguile,
 But certain *Method* all their *Skill* will foil,
 Who, rectifying *Part* ! the whole may spoil !
 Their jarring *Principles* more rash *Debate*,
 More than religious *Biggottry*, create ;
 Ever to *nothing* but *Divisjon* true ;
 Nay, sometimes from *themselves* they vary too ;

Their

Their *Instability*, by changing *Sides*,
Willis demonstrates.—like the turning *Tides*!
 Oh, how *pernicious*, and how *rashly* vain
 Is boasted *Art*, when prompted on by *Gain*?
Physicians help t'encrease the *Weakly Bills*,
 Many, *Diseases*! More the *Doctor* kills!
 If *Nature* wants her own internal *Aid*,
 By brought *Assistance* often she's betray'd;
 Most fancy'd *Remedies* impair her Pow'r,
 Pervert her *Course*, the *vital Sap* devour;
 And plant more *Mischiefs* than they can expel,
 Like Foreign *Force* invok'd intestine *Strife* to quell!

Luxurious Man! thy *Appetite* and *Mind*,
 Is still *unsated*! ever *unconfn'd*!
 Our greatest *Evils* by our *selves* are lent,
 And ev'ry *Vice* entails its *Punishment*;

Th' exact *Contexture* of our curious *Frame*,
 Does *Moderation* principally claim ;
 Th' *OEconomy* of each dependant *Part*,
 By *Moderation*, more than any *Art*,
 Is kept—or, if its Order suffers rout,
 From *Violence* within, or *Harmis* without ;
 Depend not on the *mercenary Hand*,
 To mend the *Work*, it does not understand ;
 Trust *Nature* most, the *Damage* to repair,
 And, ever after, shun the *Cause* with *Care*,

From their *Professions* some perversly fly,
 And follow *Notions* they conceive—more high :
Blackmore was most amphibecous in *Condition*,
 In *Practice* was, as well as a *Physician*,
Poet ! Philosopher ! and Rhetorician !

All *Art* and *Nature* to his *Genius* bow !

Yet, all that he produc'd, we know not how,

Abortive——like *himself* is——*nothing* now !

The *Lover* thus, possessing *Celia* seems,

And *Misers* grasp *whole Indies* in their *Dreams* ;

Nor, 'till they from the fond *Delusion* wake,

Are ever conscious of the gross *Mistake* !

Lock, with extensive *Philosophic View*,

Pass'd Modern *Human Understanding* thro' ;

Prefum'd to know its *Temper* and *Condition*,

And therefore might be call'd the *Mind's Physician* ;

For has not *Britons* well his *Art* befriended ?

They're since his *Time*, so wonderfully mended !

Yet, for all *Ills* of *Body* and of *Mind*,

Sleep is the surest Remedy we find ;

All

Oh,

Oh, *Sleep* ! of all things in this *Scene of Wo*,
 Thou greatest *Blessing* anxious *Mortals* know;
 Thou gracious *Balm* for all terrestrial *Cares*,
 Thou sweet-short *Period* of the *World's Affairs*;
 The tortur'd *Body*, and the toyling *Mind*,
 In thy soft *Arms* a *Relaxation* find;
 In *thee* ! fatiguing *Bus'ness* sinks to rest,
 And *Want* by thy *Benevolence* is blest'd ;
 People of ev'ry *Quality* and *State*
 Attend thy ever-hospitable *Gate* ;
 Perplexing *Fars* thy *Mediations* free,
 And *Rage* and *Envy* are suppress'd by *thee* ;
 To *thee* ! all human *Emulations* tend,
 Thou, art *Ambition's* only certain *End* ;
 For, with whatever lofty *Aims* endu'd,
 In *Rest* and *Thee* ! our mighty *Toils* conclude.

Once B—y's immense *Desire* cou'd rise
 To the *nocturnal Regent* of the Skies !
 But finding *her* too vast ! too high ! too chaste !
 To be by *mortal Writer's* Arms embrac'd ;
 Failing in *Aim*, yet constant in his *Will*,
 He holds, by Letter, *Correspondance* still ;
 Still do's the *Seer* her Influences know,
 As all his *Writings* evidently show !
Auspicious Goddess ! with Indulgence smile
 Ever on *Britain*, thy devoted *Isle* !
 Oh, be not *thou* disdainfully-severe,
 Are not sincerely thy *Adorers* here ?
 To *whom* (deserted by the *God of Light*
 And *Wit*) oh, *thou* ! be retrogradely bright ;

And

And, as thou do'st incessantly preside
 O'er gentle *Thames's* fluctuating *Tide*;
 Over our *Minds* too, thy *Dominion* fix,
 But principally rule our *Politics*!

Room for the Modern *Politicians* here,
 Divide ye *Rabble*! their *Approaches* clear;
 Receive *them*, like *Ambassadors* in *State*,
 So strangely! so beyond *Conception*, great!
 One *Course* to keep incessantly they seem,
 Resembling the *Mediterranean* Stream;
 Yet, in a *Manner* opposite they go,
 And only ebb, as that does only flow!
 Let *Fate*, or *Chance* the reeling *Nation* guide,
 They will, in *Duty*—for *themselves* provide;

In *Wealth's Accumulation* most profound !
 And in *Self-int'rest* absolutely found !
 Rare *Patriots* ! oh, had antient *Rome* possess'd
 Such *Spirit* ! with such *Principles* been bless'd ;
 Had *she* been so recorded to this *Hour* ?
 Or vex't the *World* with such extended *Pow'r* ?

Let Modern *Patrons* next to *These* advance,
 Who judg'd of *Wit*, by *Pride* and *Ignorance* ;
 Who, from their lofty *Stations* condescend,
 The *Flatt'ers* of their *Follies* to befriend ;
 And *all* beside ; however *Arts* adorn,
 Or *Merit* pleads for—to reject and scorn ;
 Who can to *Virtues*, like their *own*, accord ;
 And equally *distinguish* and *reward*.

What *Inconvenience* must on those attend,
 Whom *Fortune* grinds? nor *Humankind* befriend?

The noblest *Things* are liable to blame,
 By *Nature*, of the delicatest Frame ;
 With the Supream *Expence* of *Time* and *Thought*,
 Elaborately to *Perfection* brought,
 In genuine *Pomp*, and genuine *Vigour*, are
 Preserv'd from *failing* with expensive *Care* ;
 Like choicest *Plants*, in the severest *Clime*,
 From the rude *Rage* of ev'ry rigid *Time*,
 The *Muse's Delicacy*, oh ! protect,
 From *stormy Hatred*, and from *starv'd Neglect* ;
 From *violating Insolence* secure,
 And *all* that *want*, must with its *Lot* endure !
 From *Folly's Rashness*, the corroding might
 Of *Arrogance*, and *Ignorance's Spight* ;
 Let not the *misconstructing* World condemn,
 But oh, regard *your selves*, regarding *them* ;
 Oh, ye ! who bear a *Mind* that's truly *Great* !
 By well averting their prepost'rous *Fate*,

Ye grace *your selves* ! with *them*, *your selves* ye right;
 They well can your *Benevolence* requite ;
 But *Patrons* scan (who but in *Pride* excel)
 The *Muses* little ! and *Themselves* too well !
 Conscious of *what* they justly may expect,
 They treat *them* with *Aversion*, or *Neglect* ;
 And take th' *Advantage* Fortune do's bestow,
 To cramp their *Privilege*, and keep *them* low !

Thou *Source*, yet *Scourge* of each mischeivous *ill*,
Necessity ! stern *Tyrant* of the *Will* ;
 From thy accursed *Impositions* spring,
 Each odious, hideous, and prepost'rous *Thing* !
 What's *loath'd* or *fear'd* ; from what we wou'd be
 And most with *Care* avoid, we're driven on by *thee* !
Confounding Horrors, and *distorting Pains*,
Hate, *Scorn*, *Reproaches*, *Prisons*, *Whips*, and *Chains*,

Are thine——*Anxiety*, distracting *Care*,
 Thy *Gifts*.; with *Daggers*, *Poisons*, and *Despair* ;
Vipers and *Toads* in thy foul *Bosom* dwell,
 And in thy loath'd *Embrace*—the *Plagues of Hell* !
 Yet, let us bear with *Patience*, ev'ry *Ill*,
 And take, without *Regret*, the bitter *Pill* ;
 Nor think our selves by righteous *Fate* abus'd,
 'Tis for our *Good* we're thus *severely* used !
 As *Gold*, to be compleatly purify'd,
 Is often in the fiery *Furnace* try'd,
 So, by repeated *Sufferings* in the *Mind*,
Virtue and *Sense* are perfectly refin'd.

Altho' *Necessity*, a generous *End*,
 May, by *Fate's Will*, or *wise Decrees* attend :
 Unpitied they, into her *Arms* who fall,
 Thro' greedy *Aims*, and deaf to *Reason's Call*,

What

What for their fruitless *Folly* can atone,
 Who fondly seek the *Philosophic Stone*;
 By which they most fantastically hold
Gross Minerals to rarify to *Gold*!
Gold springs from *Seeds* in Subterranean *Mines*,
 And thro' whole *Ages* ripens and refines!
 Its rare *Extraction* exquisitely spun
 From purest *Earth*! Its *Sire* the genial *Sun*!
 Its perfect *Purity* (which all admire!)
 Reveals its *Worth*! its *Hue*, the radiant *Sire*!
 Thro' *Chymic Art* to raise it up, by *Change*,
 The *Project* is no less absur'd than strange!
 Yet, to their *Cost*, *Philosophers* may find
Substantial Gold they can convert to *Wind*!
Things are, by *Nature's Ordinance* decreed
 To rise from certain *Principles*, or *Seed*;
 T'infringe her *Laws*, vainly in *Art* we trust,
 Her *Way* is strictly *regular* and *just*;

To

To prove its *Might*, *Art* must with *Nature* deal,
 And can, at most, her *Privacies* reveal,
 By *curious Search*, her *Mysteries* display,
 But cannot *alter* ! Tho' it can *betray* !

The *Rosicrucian Philosophy*
 Is *Whimsical* in the *Supream Degree* !
 With *Sylphs* and *Salamanders* to combine,
 In *Knowledge* ; and in *nuptial Leagues* to join !
 In free *Communication*, to unite
 With *Things*, exempt from other *Mortals* fight !
 What wild *Illusions* may not pass with those,
 Who thus absurdly on *themselves* impose ?
 Oh, how refin'd of *Intellect* is he,
 Who, with his *Mind's* abstracted *View*, can see }
 Such *Things*, as were not ! are not ! cannot be ! }

Astrologers, who cast *Nativities*,
 And read the *mystic Language* of the *Skies*,

Are

Are selfish *Mortals*, ignorant! and vain!
 Yet, less ambitious of *Repute*, than *Gain*;
 But, cou'd they know—*Things* must be pre-ordain'd,
 And *Causes* and *Effects* most surely chain'd;
 (For *Reason* tells, that certain *Things* alone,
 Can be, by any *Method* surely known)
 Which is a *Matter* of unsure Debate,
 And kept from *Man*, by undiscovering *Fate*!
 Beside—'tis well suppos'd that every *Star*
 (Itself a World) from us is distant far;
 So far—It cannot our *Transactions* learn,
 To mean, to make them its sublime *Concern*!

Who thought the *Stars* for this dejected Ball
 Produc'd——almost inferior to *them* all!
 Poorly conceiv'd *Things* only as they seem,
 And lessen'd, in their *Thoughts*, th' *Pow'r* *Supream*!

For.

For all the *Decorations* of the *Skies*,
 Appearing *Heaven's* innumerable *Eyes* !
 All that the clearest *Winter Nights* display,
 (And many more) ev'n more than we survey,
 And judg'd in *Reason Worlds* like ours — their *Frame*
 A like — or more illustrious than the same;
 Well furnish'd *Things* may there, such use despende,
 To please and suit the *Faculties* of *Sense* ;
 And all, as here, disposed by *Nature* there,
 May such united *Harmony* declare ;
 For who to any *Limits* wou'd confine
 Th' Extent of *Order* ? or the *Mind Divine* ?
Matter prolific ! various *Nature's Skill* !
 And boundless are th' *Omniſcient Pow'r* and *Will* !

Of *Strouling Beggars* lo, a numerous *Host*,
 Arriv'd, long ſince, from *Agypt's* fultry *Coaſt* !
 The *Sciences* of th' *Eaſt* transporting thence,
 They *here* wou'd lavishly reveal — for Pence ;

Future Occurrences wou'd understand,
 By the *Pragnostication* of the *Hand*;
 Bid *them* avaunt, and let your *Hands* alone,
 They only know — the *Virtues* of their own !

Some *Britons* too the credulous beguile,
 Whom *Cunning* therefore gratefully they stile ;
 They cheat the *Crowd* of *Wit* and *Money* — then,
 Procure *Themselves* the *Fame* of — *cunning Men* !

Now of an *Art* that's little understood,
 I'll treat — 'tis undervallu'd — therefore *Good* !
Nature has universally design'd,
 An outward *Index* to declare the *Mind* ;
 And ev'ry *Form's Representation*, tells
 What *Gaest* within the living *Structure* dwells !
 No bleating *Sheep*; the *Lyon's* *Courage* own,
 Nor sheepish *Soul* is in the *Lyon* known ;

H

Whose

Whose *Form* and *Aspect* prove *Him* void of *Fear* ;
Dogs shew their hoarded *Malice* by their *Leer* ;
 In its slow *State* the *Swans* distinguish'd *Pride* ;
 In its full *Eye*, the *Peacock's* is descry'd ;
 The martial *Fire* or *Gallantry*, is seen
 Of *rival Cocks*, in their erected *Mein* !
 In *Man*, what *Artifices* wou'd conceal,
 The *Form*, the *Features*, and the *Look* reveal :
 The haggard *Mind* is thus *beheld* aright,
 Tho' varnish'd o'er with *Fortune's* fairest *Light* ;
 Nor can *Adversity's* obscurest *Cloud*
 • *Illustrious Merit* perfectly in-shroud ;
 By well-experienc'd and discerning *Eyes*,
 The *Soul* is view'd thro' ev'ry thin *Disguise* ;
 Tremble ye *Knaves* and *Fools* ! triumph ye *Just*
 (and *Wise* !)
Nature in certain *Characters*, has penn'd
 On *All*, whate'er her *Purposes* intend ;

Tho'

Tho' *few* can read her well-directing Hand,
And fewer, reading fully understand :

Vain are the forming Helps of *Court* or *School*,
To him, whom *Nature* meant a *Clown*, or *Fool*;
Nor is it even in the *Pow'r* of *Eate*,

To make, what *she* made *little*, truly *great* !

Whate'er we are, we are by *Nature* made,

And, by all *Art's* or *Education's Aid*,

No *Grace* is truly *given* ! but display'd.

Like *Jugglers*, all *Prognosticators* are,

As their resembling *Practices* declare;

Such Method ever is by *both* pursu'd,

These cheat the *Sense*, as *those* the *Eye* delude :

In *Sciences*, all vile *Pretenders* chuse,

With unintelligible *Words* t'amuse ;

Mysteriously assume *bombastic State*,

To make *What's Insignificant*, seem *Great* !

To win *Amazement*, and your *Purse* to sound,
 They strive your *Understanding* to confound!
 They speak in *Terms* no *Mortal* can unfold,
 As th' *Oracles*, and *Wizards* us'd of old;
 For *Truth* and *Sense*, still in the *Dark* They leave Ye,
 For all their *Aim* is only to deceive ye!
 They know by *Mysteries* the Crow'd is fool'd,
 Most are by *Fancy*! few by *Reason* rul'd!
 They therefore, their *Enquirers* to surprise,
 Most *hyperbolically* jargonize!
 Thus conjur'd, green and golden *Dragons* start,
 With glaring *Horror*, from the *chymic Art*!
 And (what they cannot cure) by *Means* like *these*,
Physicians strive — to frighten a *Disease*!

Who penetrate *Futurity's* deep *Night*,
 With the Delusion of a second *Sight*;
 Some *Fools* believe, and most think partly right;

These

These Riflers of the Privacies of Fate,
 Whatever *They* discover, they relate,
 Nor dread the mighty *Power's* avenging Hate;
 Whatever *Punishment* the bold Offence
 May bring—they find not anxious *Trouble* thence,
 If once they grasp the remedying *Pence*!

Nixon, 'tis said, of *Prophecy* contain'd
 A wond'rous *Portion*! fanciful, and feign'd;
 Without was *dark*! but inwardly was *bright*!
 And like a *Lantern*, screen'd internal *Light*;
 'Tis said his native *Dulness* cou'd inspire,
 As *Stocks* and *Stones* inclose the *Seeds* of *Fire*:
 How fond and foolish is *Mankind*? beguil'd
 By *Notions* unaccountable and wild?
 From clearest *Reason* right *Prediction* springs,
 And *Observation* on the *Course* of *Things*;
 They, whose *Descernment* is improv'd by *Years*,
 Alone foreknow — *Experience* makes the *Seers*!
 Some.

Some think to *Conjurers*, by *Satan's Aid*,
 The *Secrets* of *Futurity* display'd ;
 As if *He* still, tho' *Thence* so long expell'd,
 In *Heav'n* a private *Correspondence* held !
 And foolishly believe the *Prophecies*
 Of *him*, that ever has been us'd to *Lies* !
 Some think that *Witches* thus (by compact driven)
 To know strange *Things*, renounce their *Hopes* of
 And *Witches* thus become——but far too proud,
 (Heav'n !
 And subtle sure, th' *Infernal* is allow'd,
Communication thus to hold—or grant
 This *Trust* to th' *Ugly*, *Old* and *Ignorant* !
 No——None, of all the *Crowd* of *Females* are,
 Or can be *Witches*, but the *Young* and *Fair* !
 They to the *Bloom* of *Youth* and *Beauty* grown,
 Are sure, his working *Instruments* or none !

They

They, to whom Education best imparts
(Aided by furnished Charms and practis'd Arts)
Knowledge and Means t'insnare our foolish Hearts,
By them we are sufficiently betray'd !
By them alone, without the D——P's Aid !
But things like these the Learned have believ'd,
The Learned may be like the Rest deceiv'd !
I mean, who take what Education brings,
Nor most impartially examine Things ;
Nor well by Reason, or by Nature weigh,
What Fools will credit, and what Knaves will say.

That Men of most enormous Strength and size,
Once fill'd the Rest, with Horror and Surprise ;
Let These, who fondly wou'd Themselves deceive,
Give Credit to——I scarcely can believe ;
It seems to Me more rational, t'allow
All Men were ever probably as now !

Because, *What those stupendious Mortals were,*
None now appear remaining to declare ;
 And why were *Men* perniciously inclin'd
 To extirpate all the mightiest of their *Kind* ?
 By passing now the peopled *Earth* around,
 No wond'rous *Inequality* is found !
 Or hath the *Total Race* of *Humankind*,
 In *Strength* and *Size*, thro' ev'ry *Age* declin'd ?
 This not by *Statues* manifest appears,
 Or *Bones* of those entomb'd for many *Years*,
 Or *Mummies*, that a *Thousand*, have remain'd,
 In *Egypt's* lofty *Pyramids* contain'd ;
 Consid'ring *these*, it may be boldly said,
Giants, alone *Imagination* made !

The little *Race*, the *Crane*-encount'ring *Crew*,
 Call'd *Pigmies*—Now are wholly vanish'd too ;
 Among *Mankind* the chief *Distinction* lies,
 In the *Complexion*, not in *Strength*, or *Size* ;

No *Black* or *Swart*, are near the *Frigid* known,
 Or *Fair-complexion'd*, in the *Torrid-Zone* !
 To deeper *Dies* they gradu'lly incline,
 As nearer to the *Sun*, and *Sult'ry Line* ;
 I—therefore may, as probable declare,
 That all *Men* were originally *fair* ;
Fair is of *Humankind*, the native *Hue*,
 Which all its *Changes* from the *Weather* drew,
 In *Time's Process*— and, from th' *Occasion* free,
 What *Once* it was, in *Time* again might be !
 In *Indian Indostan*, ev'n *Now*, have *Place*,
 An antient *Remnant* of the *Persian Race* ;
 Who, long ago, drove by *Oppression's Hand*,
 Fled, for *Religion*, from their *native Land* ;
 In *Wedlock* These, as in *Opinion* join,
 With none beside — but keep unmixt their *Line* ;
 They hold not now the *Fairness* once they knew,
 Nor yet possess their *Neighbours* fable *Hue* ;

And *Jews*, long-seated in a *Northern Clime*,
 Have, by th' *Advantage* of assisting *Time*,
 Refining *now*, almost reduc'd to nought,
 The Remnant of their *Rust*, from *Southern Regions*
 (brought.

Few now are found of *Fancy's sportive Train*,
 Either on *Land*, or in the *wat'ry Main* ;
Satyrs and *Nymphs*, frequenters of the *Lawn*,
 Are, like the *Delphic Oracle*, with-drawn ;
 No *Griffin* now, protects the *golden Store*,
 Th' expiring *Phœnix* is renew'd no more,
 No *Centaur* now, or *Minotaur* we find,
 Of *Cloud* begotten ! or of various Kind !
 In martial *Feats* no motly *Heroes* shine,
 As formerly — half *Human* ! half *Divine* !
 No *Dragon* lurks the *Virgin* to devour,
 Nor feels the puissant Knight's victorious *Pow'r* ;

Enchant-

Enchantment's broke, Enchanters all are dead,
Mermaids, to hide their Nakedness, are fled,
And Trytons div'd into their oozy Bed;
The Sailer passes to remotest Lands,
And little dreads but Tempests, Rocks, and Sands;
By Sylla and Chiribdis way can find,
Unharm'd; but by his own devouring Kind;
No real Monsters of the deep his Eye
(Tho' some are so miscall'd) can terrify;
And, was the Light of Reason well display'd,
To drive away each fond Device's Shade;
The most essential Monsters of the Mind,
Such Fortune universally thou'd find!

The little Elves, who formerly were seen,
By Cynthia's Beams (to revel on the Green)
Are now, no more——nor, in the lonesome Night,
Infernal Spectres, as they us'd affright;

(For *Goblins* doom'd in *everlasting* *Jayl*,
 It seems, cou'd frequently elope on *Bail*,
 Or were permitted, for their *Ease* to *fray*,
 Like 'Prentices upon a *Holiday*!)
 Yet, have their *Stories* such *Impressions* made,
 Still *Multitudes* are childishly afraid;
 By meer *Impossibilities* controul'd,
 If thought by *credible Persons* told!
 For what is able to support a *Lie*,
 Like well-known *Credit* and *Authority*?
 Say ye, that o'er the sinking *Hearts* prevail
 Of well-grown *Babes*, and frame the *monstrous* *Tale*,
 Which by the *Fire*, in a *Winter-Night*,
 At once gives *Recreation*, and *Affright*!
 Why *Ghosts* appear to *those* that are alone,
 Chiefly? or in *Society*, to none
 But a distinguish'd and peculiar *few*?
 This proves the *Thing* in *Fancy* only true,

For ev'ry Eye *Realities* will strike,
 Be seen by *All*, and seem to *All* alike!
 Why do they (as thro' *Bashfulness* or *Fear*)
 Ever by *Night*, and not by *Day* appear?
 Why chearful *Places* of *Resort* refuse?
 And *Melancholly's* dismal *Dwelling* chuse?
 'Tis then, and there *Imagination*, takes
 Th' *Impression* ev'ry wild *Idea* makes;
 And discompos'd by th' *Images* it brings,
 Is apt to form *Millions* of *hideous Things*!

For *what* is more significant make room,
Fantastic Things! the *Men* of *Bus'ness* come:
Bus'ness, 'tis said; is *Life's* most useful *End*,
 And *Want* and *Woe* on *Idleness* attend;
Employment suits our *Faculties*, 'tis true,
Life's *Benefits* for fit *Enjoyment* too,

Were

Were fram'd—for *whom* is your assiduous Care?
 Perhaps, a *lavish* and *luxurious* Heir!
 The Road of *Profit* then discreetly trace,
 And be not *Slaves* to your ungrateful Race;
 As *Nature* prompts, your *Aid* to *them* dispend,
 And to *your selves* impart some *Recompence*;
 Let *Reason* in your *Course* *Acceptance* find,
 Nor *Conscience*, *Truth*, and *Justice*, leave behind!
 Be not the rigid *World's* devoted *Prize*,
 Nor, o'er *your selves* more sternly *Tyrannize*;
 Let not th' insatiate *Thirst* of *Gain* torment
 Your greedy *Minds*, excluding all *Content*;
Content gives true *Felicity*—not more
 Can be deduc'd from *India's* total *Store*!
 Oh, what is *Man*! whom *frantick* *Notions* call,
Supream of *Creatures*! or the *Lord* of *All*!
 Yet, blind *Imagination* rules, in *Spight*
 Of all his boasted *intellectual* *Light*!

We wou'd be fancy'd *Generous, Just, and Wise;*
 Yet of *all things*, our *selves* alone we Prize;
 Of all our *Aims* (whatever we pretend)
Self-Interest is the *Point*—*there, there, they end!*
 And all the *Purposes* of *human Soul*,
 Fallacious *Pride*, and *Avarice* controul:
 Those in *Misfortune* scornfully we view,
 And say, 'tis to their *Crimes*, or *Follies* due;
 Ev'n What our selves, in loss of *Friends* sustain,
 Affords our *Minds* but little anxious *Pain*;
 A formal, and fictitious *Grief* appears!
 * But *Money's Loss* is mourn'd—with real *Tears!*
 Those flagrant *Mischiefs*, *Avarice* and *Pride*,
 To *human Nature* closely are ally'd;
 The most dejecting *Woes* we can endure,
 Are vainly us'd the *Maladies* to cure;

* *Ploratur lachrymis amissa Pecunia veris.*

Yet

Yet, are *they* ever our intestine Foes;
 Rouze inward Strife, and ruffle all Repose;
 By *them* all genuine *Virtue* is withstood,
 All real Excellence ! and solid Good !
 These here *Prerogative* supremely boast,
 But *Avarice's* Pow'r, inflaves us most !
 Here now *Dominion* holds imperial Gain,
 And do's by *Taxes*, on our *Vices*, reign ;
 The *Poor* in ev'ry pleasing Ill are shamm'd,
 Here, and hereafter, for *Commission* damn'd !
 But rise by *Wrongs* ! the *Rich* and *Noble* spoil !
 Strip *Heirs* ! and *Females* forcibly defile !
 The *Sacred Son* of G—d himself defy !
 And give to all his *Miracles*, the Lie !
 Act, as you will, the most enormous *Vice* ;
 No harm will follow — if you pay the *Price* !
 Gold gives such *Lusture* ! such *Advantage* brings !
 It seems alone, all beneficial *Things* !

Accomplish'd *Merit* in its *Presence* grows,
 And *Vileness* only from its *Absence* flows ;
 Is scorn'd and hated *Poverty*, so bold
 A real *Grace*, or *Excellence* to hold ?
 Aw'd now by *Wealth*, poor *Virtue* in *Disgrace*
Blushes, and hides her *unavailing Face* ;
 All *genuine Art* and *Excellence* retire
 Dismay'd, nor vainly to *Regard* aspire ;
Insulting Wrongs they willingly endure,
 And chuse to live abandon'd ! and *obscure* !

Ye *Britons* ! who your rack'd *Inventions* strain,
 From ev'ry *Thing* t'extract your valu'd *Gain* ;
 And all that *Nature* can for *Use* bestow,
 Idly convert to *mercenary Show* ;
 Cou'd all your searching *Industry* but find
 A *Man* of truly conscientious *Mind* ;

Or One, tho' well enrich'd in Soul, not vain,
 Or *Avaritious* — but *sincerely plain*;
 It might be thought as great a *Rarity*,
 As gather'd *Crowds* cou'd with *Amazement* see!
 And of *all Things* might well surprize them most,
 * That either *Fairs*, or *Theatres* cou'd boast!
 Might seem a rarer *Monster* in our *Isle*,
 Than ever sprung from *procreating Nile*!
 In vain, with *Hearts* of *Steel*, and *Fronts* of *Brass*,
 All *Hazard* and *Disfires*, resolv'd, we pass!
 Thro' rouling *Floods*! and sandy *Desarts* go!
 Thro' burning *Wasts*! and everlasting *Snow*!
 In vain, th' *Extream* of either *Zone* we try!
 And all th' encount'ring *Elements* defy!
 In vain, around the *Massy Globe* we run!
 From *East* to *West*! and emulate the *Sun*!

* *Dryden.*

Or, for luxurious *Acquisitions*, stroul
 From th' *Artic*, ev'n to th' *Anti-artic* *Pole* !
 In vain, our searching *Industry* explores,
Nature's Supream ! or *Universal Stores* !
 In vain, extorts from *Subterranean Hold*,
 The sparkling *Di'mond* ! and the swarthy *Gold* !
 From secret *Cells* we ravish *Pearls* in vain !
 And branching *Corral*, from the boist'rous *Main* !
 In vain, exalted *Lebanus* is shorne !
 And choicest *Drugs* are from *Sabea* borne !
 In vain, bestow, the wedded *Date*, and *Palm*,
 Their sav'ry *Fruit* ! and salutif'rous *Balm* !
 Incestuous *Myrra's* penitential *Dew*,
 In fragrant *Drops* salutes our costly *View* ;
 In vain ! ——— in vain, the blest *Arabia* treats
 Our Sense with all her *aromatic Sweets* !
 The *Persian Insect*, and *Chinean Earth*,
 Bring their *internal Treasures* toiling forth

In vain ! — in vain, all *Curiosities*
 (Deduc'd from any *Regions, Seas and Skies*)
 Afford us Use, and Pleasure, and Surprize !
 The Body thus may seem improv'd ! the Mind
 Remains alas ! unfurnish'd ! unrefin'd !

Pay *Adoration* to the *Pow'r* above,
 True *Adoration*, mixt with zealous *Love* ;
 It gave us *Being*, all that we receive
 Of *Good*, its still continu'd *Bounties* give ;
Respect to those, who practice *Reason's* *Laws*,
 And give distinguish'd *Excellence, Applause* ;
 The *Good*, to justest *Approbation* raise,
 But give not *Knaves* and *Fools* dissembl'd Praise ;
 To such false *Dealing* let not *Hope* of *Gain*,
 Or *Fear*, or ev'n *Necessity* constrain ;
 See *Vice* and *Folly* (self-sufficient) spread,
 Robustuous ! need *they* to be sooth'd and fed ?

But

But *Wit* and *Worth* to flourish vainly strive,
 Are tender *Plants*, that not unaided, thrive!
 Nature commands the *Worthy* to be priz'd,
 The *Villain* hated, and the *Fool* despis'd;
 Pervert not *Nature's* useful *Orders* then,
 Ye most degen'rate of the *Race* of *Men*!
 Regard your monstrous *Practices* aright,
 Those, and your selves behold in *Reason's* *Light*;
 Who makes vile *Adulation* his *Pursuit*,
 Is less than *Man*, and something worse than *Bruit*;
 The supple *Cur* (to give the *Beast* his *due*)
 Is in his *Service* and *Affection* true;
 But *Men*, at far the more propost'rous *Rate*,
 Fawn on those Sc——ls they disdain and hate!

Virtue and *Sense*, unbiass'd and screen,
 Shou'd fix their *Stations* in the golden *Mean*;

Often,

But

Often, if most immoderately nice,
 They tend to *Madness*, or the *Verge* of *Vice* ;
 Not *this*, nor *that*, in useless *Show* delights ;
 Scarce seen, but when a glorious *Cause* invites ;
 Each only has regard to *Reason's* *Laws*,
 Ever unmov'd by *Censure*, or *Applause* :
 Often too heedless *Men* their *Worth* deny,
 Often, a while neglected cast *them* by ;
 Sometimes *they* wholly in *Oblivion* lie ;
 Sometimes, by foul *Oppression* overthrown,
 They are refus'd like precious *Gems* unknown ;
 Tarnish'd by ill Success, they are despis'd,
 Or, wanting *Pow'r*, or *State*, are little priz'd ;
 But, when *they're* view'd in undiminis'd *Light*,
 Are like the radiant *Sun*, supremely bright ;
 When, manifestly they reveal their *Worth*,
 And pour on All, auspicious *Blessings* forth ;

To *Rev'rence* or *Regard*, reluctant *Men*
 Must yield, thro' *Shame*, or *Emulation* then;
 However envious, cannot but obey,
 And to their *Wills* a dutious *Homage* pay.

Courage by *Nature* only is inspir'd,
 Yet often may be seemingly acquir'd;
 'Tis not that *Use* can lessen *human Fear*,
 But making *Things* less horrible appear,
 By rend'ring *them* familiar——only *we*,
 Are more from frightful *Apprehension* free:
 True *Courage* is a *Steadiness* of *Soul*,
 Which no *Distress* can perfectly controul;
 Founded in *Magnanimity* alone,
 And made, by constant *Resolution*, known;
 Sedately fixt, not violently mov'd;
 By fair, and by sufficient *Trial*, prov'd:

Some in a Flash of Rage their Courage show,
Which soon is found, by Opposition low,
And some have Courage which they do not know !
But all is brought by fit Occasion forth,
Which proves our real, or imagin'd Worth !

Honour exists not in a pompous Show,
Nor — can it from Descent, but Merit, flow !
Give me the Man, that is of humble Birth,
Resplendant only in his native Worth ;
The Sun, of all Things most distinctly bright,
Is yet of All most void of borrow'd Light !
'Tis hard for some the Diff'rence to decide,
Betwixt true Honour, and fantastic Pride ;
Delusion blinds the Shallow Crowd ; and few
From the pretended, can discern the true :
Who's he, that Honour's truest Laws obeys ?
Whom Sense of Right perpetually sways ;

Fidelity and *Truth* unvary'd rule,
 Sweet ! modest ! equal ! moderate ! and cool !
 But when opprobrious *Wrong*, with *Reason*, moves;
 An arduous and intrepid *Hero* proves !
 So, when soft *Breezes* o'er th' *Surface* sweep,
 Serene appears th' *illimitable Deep*;
 But, urg'd by *Storms*, tumultuously arise
 Its *foaming Waves*, and heave into the *Skies*.

Much *Benefit* does *Education* bring,
 Yet many *Ills* from *Education* spring ;
 As some choice *Structure* of mechanic *Art*,
 However *just* in each dependent *Part*,
 And regular in all its *Motions* — yet,
 Cannot but wrongly move, if wrongly set ;
 Such ever is the *Mind's* mechanic *Force*,
 Which from its first *Impressions* takes its *Course* ;

L

And

And by *its* first *Direction* made to stray,
 Is ever *after*, doom'd to miss its *Way* !
 Let then, all necessary *Care* provide,
 An *early*, *faithful*, and discerning *Guide*.

For *Conversation* Few are fully fit,
 Some have too much, but *Most* too little *Wit* !
 Some, with a *satwcy Pertness* All offend,
 And rather than their *Jest*, will loose their *Friend*;
 And *Some* are so much the *Reverse* of *These*,
 All manly *Freedom* they renounce to please;
 To ev'ry *Coxcomb's* *Vanity* they fall,
 Prostrate ; and are *themselves* the *Jest* of *All* !
 Some all their *Breaths* in *Argument* would spend,
 Which scarcely *ever* has a peaceful *End*
 (For *Argument* is like the *Gordian Knot*,
 So firmly ty'd by any *puzzling Sot* !

As that was but by *Violence* divided,
 This can be but by *Violence* decided !
 As *Misers* hoard their *Wealth*, Some hoard their *Sense*,
 And scarce sufficient for themselves dispense ;
 And *Some* incessantly their genuine Store
 Most prodigally waste—and vastly more !
 Some, who surmise their *Eloquence* excels,
 Are ever jingling like a *Carrier's Bells* ;
 And *Some*, to shew their *Wisdom's* fancy'd Pow'r,
 Speak slowly—as the *Clock* strikes—once an *Hour* !
 Some, who like *Children*, splendid Things admire !
 Dress a poor *Meaning* in a rich *Attire*,
 No *Bullion-Sense* in their *Discourse* is found,
 Or any *Thing*, but specious *Show* and *Sound* !
 Some in their Thoughts habitually roam,
 And ev'ry where are ever—but at home ;
 And *Some*, still erring from th' intended *Mark*,
 Render the clearest *Things*, perplext and dark :

Some, thro' their *Knowledge* bearing high *Commis-*
(sions,
 Are vast *Philosophers*, or *Politicians* ;
 And magisterially they regulate,
 Or rectify, the *Church* ! the *Stage* ! the *State* !
Some, rashly, or imprudently impart,
 To *All*, the sacred *Mysteries* of *Art* ;
 Making *themselves* a voluntary *Prey*,
 To every *Swine* they throw their *Pearls* away ;
 And *Some* are so reserv'd—no *Mortal* finds
 The beneficial *Riches* of their *Minds* :
 Some speak (their high *Profoundity* to show)
 What neither *others*, nor *themselves* can know ;
 By *Fumes* of *Bombast* violently driven,
 They Scale the *blazing Battlements* of *Heav'n* !
 And *Some* in *Insignificance* do creep,
 And are so dull, they make us—for—to—sleep,
 Some want *Assurance* publickly to speak,
 They are so *pasilaninous* and *meek* ;

And

And, with a *Confidence undaunted*, Some
 Are *loud and empty*, as a *beaten Drum* !
 Some vainly strive their *Learning to display*,
 And triumph o'er the *Rest in All they say* ;
 And Some are such *undocumented Fools*,
 As if the *World* was void of *Courts and Schools* !
 From Some (they is of such a *haughty Strain*)
 All *Condescension* are requir'd in vain ;
 Some's *Condescension* is a *brutal Blindness*,
 And They like *dirty D--gs*, offend — with *Kindness* :
 Some *Ceremony*, like *Religion* rate,
 And treat *Mankind* with *reverential State*
 Some leaving *Form*, are *jocularly told* ;
 With Men, like *Lucian*, with the *G--ds* of old !
 Some on one *Theam* are excellent alone !
 On ev'ry *Subject*, *some* ! and *some* — on none !
 Some wou'd be thought *accute*, and *some* *profound*,
 Some ripe in *Wit*, and *some* in *Judgment* found ;

And

And, while discerning *Reason* they despise,
 Wou'd thro' *Impertinence*, be counted wise:
 But *He* for true *Society* is made,
 Whose *Sense* and *Knowledge* are by *Reason* sway'd;
 Who both from *Pride*, and *Abjectness* is free,
 Who *Humour*, *Wit*, and *Manners*, well agree;
 Who properly can all *Occasions* suit,
 And is in *Season*, talkative or mute;
 Is free, yet cautious——and his chosen *Friend*,
 Will ever entertain! or ne'er offend.

Travel is advantageous to the *Mind*,
 The practic *Knowledge* gives of *Humankind*;
 The various *Manners*, *Policies*, and *Ways*
 Of *Men*, to the discerning *Mind* displays;
 With choice *Materials* furnishes the *Wit*,
 And makes for curious *Conversation* fit;

Yet, wanting the *Support* of genuine *Sense*,
What tends it to? but vain *Impertinence*?

Many, who leave their native *Homes*, and range;
Follies for fash'nable *Vices* change;

E'er fond *Desire* to *Foreign Realms* conveys,
Discreet is he, who well his *Talent* weighs;

Nor chuses unadvisedly to go

Abroad—his home-bred *Aukerndness* to show;

Nor gathers *Vanities* or *Evils* there,

But, qualify'd with *well directed Care*,

Imports at last, thro' cultivating *Toyl*,

Not *Vice*, but *Vertue*, his native *Soil*.

Perhaps, of all ill *Qualities* we find,

The worst, are false *Accomplishments* of *Mind*;

At least, we cannot but in *Reason* own,

That false *Accomplishments* are worse than none;

From those alone proceeds a vicious *Tast*,

Which aims all springing *Excellence* to waste;

Ever

Ever its trueſt Tenderneſs annoys,
 Or like unſeaſonable *Blights*, deſtroys ;
 For ill-acquir'd *Impertinence* and *Pride*,
 In *All* things wou'd preſumptuouſly decide ;
 And what than they is *Truth's* ſeverer *Foe*,
 Who think they've right to judge, yet cannot
 (rightly know?

Many th' *Enjoyments* of the *Town* invite,
 In rural *Recreations* Some delight ;
 I neither *one* nor the *other* wholly chuſe,
 Nor *one*, nor th'*other* totally reſuſe ;
 Free *Converſation* often is confeſs'd,
 Yet often, peaceful *Solitude* is beſt :
 The *Place*, where rational *Delights* are found,
 With *Decency* and *Moderation* crown'd,
Auſpicious Providence! impart to me,
 With little, much, or ——no *Society*.

Ye loose *Companions* of the *Town*! unknown
 To any *Management*, beside your own
 (Whose *Friendship's* made, and broken in a trice,
Cemented but by *complicated Vice*)

I chuse not voluntar'ly——but pursue
Something, more solid and secure than *you*!

By voluntary *Deeds* the *Mind's* express'd,
 All like and chuse what suits their *Natures* best;
 Whom mean, or disingenuous *Things* controul,
 Do they not shew a *Littleness* of *Soul*?

Horace allows those *Things* compleatly right
 Alone —— where *Profit* mingles with *Delight*;
Publick Amusements we select and prize,
 Whence never *Profit*, and *Delight* arise;
 For, where can real *Good* and *Pleasure* be,
 Remote from *Reason*, and from *Decency*?

While *Eloquence* and graceful *Action* fail,
 The *Seignior's Voice*, and *Monsieur's Heels* prevail;

Lo, little *Thumb*, and *Puppet Shows* go down,
 And please the choicest *Relish* of the *Town* !
 Ye rural *Hosts* ! whose *Bounty*, forc'd *Excess*,
 Whose *Hospitality* is *Drunkennes* ;
 Ye're far from what ye think — there's grievous
 (Cost,
 Where *Freedom* and *Sobriety* are lost ;
 Preserve from *Me* unvisited your *Chear*,
 My offer'd *Reason* is a *Price* too dear !
 Approve what's *graceful*, own what's *just* and *fit*,
 To *Reason*, and to *Decency* submit ;
Themselves from *Decency* who disunite,
 Loose, by *Degrees*, the *Sense* of what is *right* :
 Betwixt each *Sex* be due *Distinction* made,
 And let not *Either* th'*Other's* *Right* invade ;
 Advent'rous *Sports*, and a robustous *Mind*,
 Ill-suit the *Softness* of the *Female-kind* ;
 As ill-becomes, *whom* *Glory* shou'd inspire,
 A *Female Disposition*, or *Attire* ;

To *Fame Alcides* rose thro' martial *Toys*,
 Full-blaz'd the *Hero* in the *Lyon's* spoil!
 But when *Omphale* had disguis'd him — then
 The most *heroic*, seem'd the least of *Men*!
Herculean Dames ! who range the sportful *Plain*,
 From th' opposite *Extream*, for shame, refrain;
 Can *They*, who *Blood* and *Cruelty* pursue,
 Possess th' *Indulgence* tender *Mothers* do?
 Or *Care* to cherish and to rear employ,
 Who voluntarily practise to destroy?
 Do not the *social Wife*, and *cauteous Maid*
 Find thus their proper *Qualities* betray'd?
 Endeavour, oh, ye *Fair* ! by *decent Arts*,
 To hold *Dominion* o'er the noblest *Hearts*;
 Be gentle, yet, your *Chastities* to guard,
 Like *Rocks*, or *Walls* in *Opposition* hard!
 Pursue good *Huswif'ry* at *Home* — and spare
 Abroad — th' insidious *Fox*, and tim'rous *Hare*;

At rude *Invadere* aim a rig'rous *Frown*,
 Aim not to bring the *whirring Partridge* down !

How Savage is the *Mind of Man* untaught ?
 E'er into *Method* by *Instruction* brought ;
 E'er cloath'd with decent *Manners*, and adorn'd
 With *Arts* ; how aptly to be loath'd, or scorn'd ?
 Yet Most, thus qualify'd, too vainly *All*,
 Not like *themselves* endu'd, *Barbarians* call ;
 Lessen these *Gifts* (their *Arrogance* is such)
 By prizing *them* too falsly, or too much ;
 For affable *Humanity's* confess'd,
 Of all our *Minds Accomplishments*, the best !
 Of *Humankind* the most accomplish'd *they* ;
 Who *Nature's* uncorrupted *Laws* obey ;
 Who having *Virtue*, live without *Offence*,
 Pursuing *Truth*, embracing *Innocence* ;

Prosperous,

Prosperous, yet Humble, Merciful, yet Brave ;
 Whom never *Pride, nor Avarice* inflave ;
 Who bend not their *Authority and Pow'r,*
 The *Poor* to scorn, the *Helpless* to devour ;
 Nor, thro' th' *Infection* of contagious *Times,*
 Employ their *Knowledge* to promote their *Crimes ;*
 Unhappy *they,* by distant *Regions,* laid
 In *Ignorance's* obviating *Shade ;*
 Who sooth their sensual *Appetites,* nor aim
 At *Worth*—nor feel th' *Effects* of gen'rous *Shame ;*
 Who yield to *Force,* nor know the mut'al *Need,*
 Of sweet *Civility,* and courteous *Deed ;*
 Nor by *Communication,* can remove
 Their *Native Wildness,* or *Themselves* improve ;
 Unhabited and rude—to *Prey* inclin'd,
 With dire *Abomination,* on their *Kind !*
 Yet, are not furnish'd and accomplish'd *We,*
 Ev'n from their worst of *Dispositions* free ;

Who,

Who, walking in a more enlighten'd *Way*,
 Upon each other unrelenting *Prey*,
 To prove our selves such *Cannibals* as *They*.

Thee, prosp'rous *Fortune* ! *Humankind* adore,
Honour is perish'd ! *Conscience* is no more !
Justice, long since from *Humankind* is fled,
 And *Law* a *Harpy*, governs in its stead ;
 By which foul *Feind* (its counterfeited *Shade*)
 How are the *Friendless* and the *Poor* dismay'd ?
 And th' *Innocent*, not guarded, but betray'd !
 Now *Gold* can over friv'lous *Right* prevail,
 And, by *Infusion*, turn th' unequal *Scale* ;
 Causes are undecided and perplext,
 While dark'ning *Comments* cloud the plainer *Text* !
 The best *Decision*'s unproportion'd yet,
 Betwixt a *Wealthy Fool*, and needy *Wit* !

To rich *Delinquents*, what's a *Bribe* or *Fee*?

'Tis *nothing*! but 'tis even *Death* to *Me*!

Peace then, to *Me*, let meer *Discretion* preach,

And meer *Necessity*, *Uprightness* teach;

Preserve *Me honest* in the strictest *Sense*,

In *Substance*! nay, and even in *Pretence*!

Oh, let not *Me* become the *Monster's* Prey,

Free *Me* from what she can imposing lay,

From grinding *Fines*—who *Nothing* have to pay;

Remove from *Me* the dubitable *Suit*,

And from vile *Knaves* the profitable *Fruit*;

Litigious *Tribe*! here *Reason* claims the Peace,

Hence—and from *others* sheer the golden *Fleece*!

Me, who am little to your *Purpose*, spare;

Oh, let me have—at least—my *Skin* to wear!

Let not on *Me* devouring *Catch-poles* wait,

I can dispense with such attending *State*;

I'm not ambitious of a *House of Stone*,
 Poor as I am, rather afford me none ;
 Oh, let me rather unprotected lie,
 And only cover'd by the distant *Skie* ;
 I will not wholly at my *Lot* repine,
 If comfortable *Liberty* is mine !

Custom, for *Reason's Rest*, or *Ease* allow'd,
 Is own'd the *Regulator* of the *Crowd* ;
Custom, whose *Birth* from vulgar *Notions* springs,
 Is own'd an able *Guide*——in trivial *Things* ;
 In all *Things* some *Authority* it claims ;
 But if at *Reason's Property* it aims,
 Its *Credit* is destroy'd, its *Trust* betray'd,
 And *We* with *Justice* then reject its pageant *Aid* :
 So, when some tow'ring *Minister of State*
 (By his *indulgent Monarch* made too *Great*)

Devours

Devours the *People's Privilege*, and beguiles
 His *facil Lord* with impositious *Wiles* ;
 Conspiring *Men* assert their *Sov'reign's Reign*,
 And thus their *Rights* and *Liberties* regain.

Licentious Vice and *Folly* to restrain,
 And *Error* curb in her encroaching *Reign* ;
 'Tis fit our *Thinking* shou'd be *bold* and *free*,
 Of *Mortals* else most miserable *We* !
 Yet, least our *Thought* from *Prejudices* springs,
 Let us unpartially examine *Things* !
 Let them be first by *Reason* understood ;
 And let our *Purpose* be sincerely good,
 Then *censure*, and with *Approbation*, then
 Explode the *Craft* of ill-designing *Men* !
 But if provok'd by *Passion*, or by *Lust*,
 Come fav'rite *Folly*—or conceal'd *Disguis* ;

Or, if our *Thought* (rejecting *Reason's Law*)
 Alone from *Stubborn Arrogance* we draw;
 If aiming *Others*, or our selves to cheat,
 In close *Disguise*, we nourish foul *Deceit*;
 If *Thought* is thus, and to this *Purpose* free,
 Of *Motals* then, the most perverse are *We*.

Fabulous were the *Deities* of old,
 This *now*, as undisputable we hold;
 And what we judge as most authentic now,
Ages far hence remote, may disallow
 In *Matters* thus abstracted and refin'd,
 The *Crowd* absurdly ever is inclin'd;
 And fervent *Priests*, *Religion's Worth* to raise,
 Often proceed such inconsistent *Ways*,
 As the most *Penetrating* still despise;
 Of *Old* thus probably conceiv'd the *Wise*;

Yet

Yet the *Rejection* of its *Rites* repell'd,
 And kept the *Notions* private which they held;
 For *Pow'r Supream* by *Nature* is avow'd,
 And by the most *Consid'rate* most allow'd!
 Of ev'ry Sort, *Religion* was design'd,
 O'er *Reason's Power* to regulate the *Mind*;
 For our uncertain *Life* is such a *Maze*,
 The *Consequence* of any chosen *Ways*,
 Who know? proceeding ever undismaid,
 But in the *Guidance* of Superior *Aid*?
 Who then *Religion* willfully decline,
 And quite explode, what *Others* hold *Divine*,
 Are scarcely *those* intentionally good,
 Or who have *Nature* clearly understood;
 Are not, *whom Reason* really inspires,
 But *Men* of rash and reprobate *Desires*;
 For, tho' *We* cou'd with *Reason's* searching *View*,
 Pass *Truth's* remotest deep *Recesses* thro';

Who hold the *Pow'r*, the *Good* they understand,
 Ever to chuse? and th'*Evil* to disband?
 When *Will* and *Opportunity* and *Means*
Concur, and *Chance* affords convenient *Scenes*;
 When *strong Temptations* urge, and *Passions* loudly
 Who can submit to *Reason's* gentle *Call*?
 By *That* all wild *Imaginations* fway?
 And make the proudest *Appetites* obey?
 No—*Nothing* can sufficient *Means* instill,
 But *Hope* of greatest *Good*! and *Fear* of greatest *Ill*!

All *Creatures*, with unanimous *Desire*,
 To compass true *Felicity* aspire;
 And *All*, in *Quest* of this inticing *Good*,
 Employ the *Means* that best are understood:
 The *Purposes* of *Brutes*, that little know,
 Are, narrow, insignificant, and low;

Inform'd with *Reason*, and inflam'd by *Hope*,
Man takes a various and extended *Scope*;
 Yet, by the *Means* we principally use,
 We may our selves erroneously abuse;
 Riches will unexpected *Troubles* bring!
Fame is fallacious! *Pleasure* has its *Sting*!
 Lo, an exalted, a celestial *Dame*,
 Is therefore *Guide*——*Religion* is her *Name*;
 But such fantastic *Manners* she displays,
 So mutable her *Habit*, *Form*, and *Ways*;
 Can *Any*, who wou'd to *themselves* be just,
 What's thus uncertain, singularly trust?
 So many *Tricks* have juggling *Priests* devis'd,
Omnipotence so marr'd, or so disguis'd;
 So various and distorted seems its *Way*!
 Can *Any* thus, be certain not to stray?
 Yet let us not blaspheme the *Pow'r* above,
 Endew'd with *Bounty*, and paternal *Love*!

'Tis

'Tis just, and kind ! for human *Bliss* provides,
 And grants us *Reason*, faithfullest of *Guides* !
 But *Many*, making *Villainy* their *End*,
 Proudly from *Heav'n Authority* pretend ;
 And then, thro' *Fraud*, or *superstitious Fear*,
 Render *that* dark ! which is, or wou'd be clear.

Learning was meant our *Reason* to direct,
Truth to discern, and *Falshood* to detect ;
 To make *Us*, by an advantageous *Mind*,
 Both useful to *Ourselves* and *Humankind* !
Some Things are not for *human Sense* ordain'd,
 Surpassing *All* within its *Reach* contain'd !
 And *Who* Sublimity of *Soul* enjoys,
 Rejects and scorns unbeneficial *Toys* ;
 The proper *Mean*, betwixt these diff'rent *Two*,
 Well to preserve, and cautiously to view,

Lays on the *Mind* a most prodigious *Stress*,
 And prove its utmost *Strength* and *Steadiness* :
 Our *learned Men*, are learnedly so low,
 Not *human Nature*, nor *Themselves* they know;
 With strictest *Care*, and *Earnestness* they try,
 To comprehend a *Flow'r* ! a *Stone* ! a *Fly* !
 Or frothy *Terms* of *Languages* explore,
 And too remissly pass the *Meaning* o'er ;
 Or, by mistaking of *themselves*, are brought
 To be bewilder'd in a *Maze* of *Thought* ;
 Devoid of *Perspecuity* and *Fire*,
 Dark *Ways* they tread, and founder in the *Mire* !
 Many in *Whimsies* only are profound,
 They build on *Things* where *Reason* has no *Ground* ;
 And in nonsensical and endless *Views*,
 Their *Time*, their *Labour*, and *Themselves* they loose !
 Some, by meer *Idleness* are plung'd in *Thought*,
 But *Most*, by *Pride*'s too prompt *Allurement* brought,
Head-

*Headlong into the wild Abyss they fall,
Neglecting Reason's cautionary Call!*

*Weigh true Desert in Reason's nicest Scale,
And let what Justice best approves, prevail;
I mean, the Justice of the wiser Few,
Who Justice know; and carefully pursue;
Too shallow rash and forward is the Crowd,
To be for publick Justice, well allow'd;
Its Justice often to Perdition brings
The best, and often crowns the worst of Things!
Virgil and Horace, long ago, 'tis true,
Had publick Justice, to their Merits due,
Which, yet its Source from private Favour drew!
Was not the publick Justice Labeo's Aim?
Thence Mævius possibly a while had Fame!
While diff'rent Fate transcendant Homer found,
Slighted, and everlastingly renown'd!*

A *helpless Wand'rer* on that very *Earth*,
 Which, since contended for his glorious *Birth* !
 If *Justice* by the publick *Vote* is try'd,
 Then, *Socrates* and *Je—s* justly dy'd !
 The meanest *He*, who dares to court *Renown*,
 Thinks publick *Justice* shou'd his *Wishes* crown ;
 And, if thro' lucky *Chance*, of *Humankind*,
 He gains the *Side*, that indolent, or blind ;
 Oh, what *Advantages* has *Confidence*,
 Confirm'd ! and rampant ! o'er *superiour Sense* ?
 So sure ! so fixt ! it is not to be mov'd !
 When, once, howe'er unworthily, approv'd ;
 But *genuine Excellence*, so delicate,
 Has almost ever a desponding *State* ;
 Scarcely from *Doubt*, or from *Distrust* secur'd,
 Ev'n when it shou'd be perfectly assur'd !
 How barb'rous then, his *Sense* ? or his *Mistake* ?
 Who wou'd like *Fortune*, blind *Distinction* make ;
 Wou'd all of *Those* perversly trample down,
 But whom *Mankind* with partial *Favour* crown ;
 Nor will believe *Oppression*, or *Neglect*,
 May hold the Place of merited *Respect*.

Happy the *Man*, who can securely please
 His *Mind*, with sweet *Contentedness* and *Ease* ;
 Who seeks not inconsiderately, *Fame*
 (Guiding by *Reason's* well-weigh'd *Rules*, his *Aim*)
 Nor *Moderation's* *Limits* will out-go,
 But aims *Himself*, and useful *Things* to know !
 Tho' *curious Arts* transporting *Pleasures* bring,
 Drink not too deep of the *Castalion Spring* ;

Least the *tumultuous Ravishments* you find,
 Strongly infus'd, intoxicate the *Mind* :
 Fair is the *View* exalted *Thought* procures,
 And much it th' *unexperienc'd Mind* allures ;
 The *smooth Ascent* we climb with vast *Delight*,
 While *various Scenes* unfolding chear the *Sight* ;
 But *Care*, and unexpected *Toyl*, attend
Those, who too far ambitiously ascend !
 Behold that awful *Mountain*, raised so high !
 Lo, at its *Foot*, what fertile *Vallies* lie !
 Of mingl'd *Meadows, Fountains, Groves, and Fields*,
 Its shady *Side* delicious *Prospect* yields ;
 But mark its *low'ring Front*, a *Wreath* of *Clouds*,
 In fullen *Gloom* tremendously inshrowds !
 There *Frosts* ingender ! whistling *Tempests* beat !
 'Tis bleak ! 'tis barren ! 'tis a dismal *Seat* !

As the *Pursuit* of *Arts*, in arduous *Ways*,
 To *Woes* and *Hazards* unforeseen betrays ;
 From th'opposite *Extream* with *Care* remove,
 And shun the slavish *Indolence* of *Love* :
 Love (often founded on imagin'd *Charms*)
 Is liable to *Multitudes* of *Harms* ;
 Is frequently by false *Opinion* made,
 And is not by discerning *Reason* sway'd ;
 Nay even, when on sure *Foundation* plac'd,
 Time, or *Enjoyment* will its *Vigour* waste ;
 With insubstantial *Violence* it burns
 A while, yet soon extinguishes, or turns ;
 But *Friendship* yields both *Profit* and *Delight*,
 When *Souls*, by mutual *Sympathy* unite ;

When

When varying *Interest* kindles not the *Flame*,
 When *Truth* its *Basis*! *Virtue* is its *Aim*!
 Such *Friendship* *Man's* *Infirmities* require,
 Such gen'rous *Nature* do's, or shou'd inspire;
 But *Friendships* now, degenerating, prove
 Falser, or more fantastical than *Love*!

Oh *Ye*, who fir'd with *emulative Aim*,
 Audaciously pursue uncertain *Fame*;
 And thro' the crooked *Paths* of ev'ry *Crime*,
 Wou'd with perverfest *Obstinacy* climb;
 A more establish'd *Happiness* to know,
 Remain in *Ease* and *Innocence* below:
 Or, if resolv'd the bold *Attempt* to make,
 Let *Justice*! *Justice*! be the *Guide* you take:
 Behold what *Portion* (your allotted *End*)
 Do's the laborious *Sisyphus* attend;
 Mark, how he makes his unavailing *Moan*,
 As up th' *Ascent* he tuggs th' unweildy *Stone*;
 See, how it now recoyling mocks his *Pain*,
 Swift as a *Torrent*, rushes down again,
 And, like a rapid *Whirlewind*, smoaks along the
 (Plain!)

Who from an *inconsiderable State*,
 Aspiring strive to grow renown'd, or great;
 If not the *Course* of *Justice* they pursue,
 This wretched *Portion* is their righteous *Due*.
 When *Truth* and *Justice* are *Ambition's* *Guides*,
 'Tis like a *Stream*, that thro' the *Meadows* glides;
 Do's both *Delight* and *Benefit* produce,
 Is fair to *View*, and of *auspicious Use*;

Thro' flow'ry *Ways* deliciously it go's,
 And, in the *Bounds* of *Moderation* flows ;
 But, when with arrogating *Pride* it swells,
 And *Reason's* gracious *Purposes* repells ;
 With *Rigour* uncontrollable it reigns,
 As *Torrents* rushing ravage o'er the *Plains* ;
 Pours dire *Distraction* on *terrestrial Things*,
 And *irretrievable Perdition* brings !
 This *Consequence* is bold *Ambition's* Dow'r,
 When firmly aided by *Success* and *Pow'r* ;
 But if *Ambition* madly will prevail,
 When useful *Means* and *Fortune* jointly fail ;
 How low do's then, its wedded *Captive* fall ?
 Becomes the *Pity*, or the *Scorn* of *All* !
 There is a *Place*, where *Night*, as *Trav'lers* say,
 Six tedious *Months* excludes the chearful *Day* ;
 During which *Time*, *Extremity* of *Cold*,
 Do's *Sway* alike, uninterrupted, hold ;
 No living *Creatures* here their *Stations* keep,
 But grisly *Bears*, and *Prowlers* of the deep :
 Such sometimes is *Adversity's* Retreat,
 Such, is *Obscurity's* remotest *Seat* ;
 Oh, how prepos't'rous is th' *abandon'd* State,
 Of *Him*, here thrown by *unrelenting Fate* ?
 So wretched is his *Lot*, he do's not dare
 Ev'n to think on — *what he is* ! or where !
 Yet, even in this more than earthy *Hell*,
 He, who is conscious that he merits well,
 For thee, oh, *Truth* ! may be confin'd to dwell !

Truth is a *Point*, so nice, and subtle, *Few*
 Can hit, whoever has in *Aim*, or *View* ;

Extream

Extream *Acuteness*, *Dulness*, *Meakness*, *Pride*,
Knowledge, and *Ignorance*—alike misguide ;
 Who wins it, must obtain the golden *Mean*,
 A *Soul* well fix'd ! unbyass'd ! and serene !
 Never by false *Appearances* betray'd,
 Unsooth'd by *Hope*, by *Threat'ning* undismay'd ;
 By *Nature* form'd, and by discerning *Fate*
 Conducted, void of *partial Love* and *Hate* ;
 No *Teaching*, or *Endeavour* of the *Brain*,
 The *Mind's* intrinsic *Virtue* must attain !
 In vain, unfurnish'd with *internal Light*,
 We search ; and stray, as in the *depth* of *Night* ;
 In vain explore the *Court*, in vain, the *Schools*,
 From *Books*, and *Men*, collect *instructive Rules* ;
 Moles cannot by *Instruction*, *Things* survey ;
 Or *Batts*, or *Owls* admire the chearful *Day* !
 In vain, thro' *counterfeiting Aids* we run ;
 None else but *Eagles* can behold the *Sun* !

How vainly *Men* fantastic *Greatness* prize ?
 And how perniciously attempt to rise ?
 Not *Usurpation* of licentious *Pow'r*,
 Not *Means* acquir'd to grind, or to devour ;
 Not *Pedigree*, not *Title*, not *Estate*,
 Not *Pomp*—or *Fame*, can make us truly *Great* !
 Who truly *Great*, is then most rightly stil'd ?
 He, who is ne'er by *soothing Hope* beguil'd !
 Who scorning vile, tho' profitable *Views*,
Justice and *Truth*, with *Constancy* pursues ;
 By whom, *Aversity*, in conscious *Good*,
 With its most vexing *Rigour*, is withstood ;

Whose

Whose *Soul* allows not *Adulation* place,
 And whom no servile *Practices* debase;
 However *Custom*, or *Opinion* goes,
 True *Dignity* from *Nature* only flows;
 And he whose *Worth* is planted in his *Mind*,
 Has *Greatness* in *Despight* of *Humankind*!
 By *Means*, the *Noble-minded* must despise,
 Some now, to *Pow'r* and *Reputation* rise;
 But, what might make the most confid'rate mad,
 They boast of *Qualities* they never had;
 He's excellent, who formal can appear,
 And *He sagacious*, who is insincere;
 Who *Riches* can extort, is prudent deem'd,
 Whom meer *Assurance* dignifies — esteem'd;
 And He whose *Mind* is dark as deepest *Night*,
 Retains his *Ancestors* departed *Light*.
 'Twas *Virtue*, *Magnanimity*, and *Sense*,
 Gave *Man* to *Man*, the first *Prebeminence*;
 Priority is theirs, and theirs *Controul*
 Shou'd be — whom *Nature* gave the largest *Soul*;
 Can *Title*, *Wealth*, *Authority*, and *Show*,
 Real *Desert*, or *Dignity* bestow?
 To hold *Desert* is meerly in the *Strain*,
 Is false, absur'd, ridiculously vain!
 Or say it is — who can be justly sure,
 The *Current*, whence he seems deriv'd, is pure?
 In nuptial Limits ever was contain'd;
 From all unchast *Miscarriages* restrain'd?
Creatures of ev'ry other *Sort*, we find,
 Far more consistent with *Themselves* and *Kind*;
 More justly answer their reputed *Birth*,
 More personally hold indubitable *Worth*!

The

The *lordly Lyon* (properly rever'd,
 For true, and for unborrow'd *Grandeur* fear'd,
 Made not, thro' *Fortune*, or *Opinion* great,
 Deriving from *himself* tremendous *State*)
 Is gen'rous, bold, and of majestic *Air*;
Him, We the Monarch of the *Wilds* declare;
 But, not the tim'rous *Deer*! or treacherous *Fox*!
 Or stupid *Ass*! or inconfid'rate *Ox*!
 In one peculiar *Sort* (suppose the *Steed*)
 Which shou'd we prize?—None for the *Name*, or
 (*Breed*?)

But the robustuous, or the mett'l'd *Kind*,
 Or flying *Racer*! rapid as the *Wind*!
Hobbies and *Jades* are scorn'd, altho' they claim
 Renown'd *Beucephalus's Race*, or *Name*!
 All *Greatness*, that was ever truly known,
 Arises from *Reality* alone!

Altho' we neither *Virtue* will pursue,
 Nor our ignoble *Appetites* subdue;
 To grasp all *Grandeur* vainly-fond is *Man*,
 Within his narrow, and infeebl'd *Span*:
 For what is *Life*, which we so fondly prize?
 Where so much *Error*, or *Perverseness* lies!
 It is a heap of *Earth*, a feeble *Mound*,
 Thrown up a while, *Eternity* to bound;
 But soon destroy'd by its o'erwhelming *Force*,
 The mighty *Torrent* reassumes its *Course*!
 What is our *Life*, which holds, o'er rul'd by *Fate*,
 In *Time's* wide *Ocean*, its uncertain *State*?
 A *Ship*, conducted by an artless *Hand*!
 A Heap of uncoagulated *Sand*!

Both

Both *This* and *That* may seem secure a while,
 When *Heav'n* and *Nature* calmly seem to smile;
 But when *Disorder* tyrannizing raves,
 When sternly rise, and rush, the foaming *Waves*;
 This finds no *Trust*, nor steady *Course* it steers!
 That, soon o'erwhelm'd, or broken, disappears!

Since *Life* is transitory, weak, and vain,
Fantastic Follies let *Us* then refrain;
 Seducing and enfeebling *Vice* subdue,
 And *Fame* and *Virtue* properly pursue;
 For still the *Fame* of *virtuous Deeds* will last,
 When *all things* else, are passing like a *Blast*!



The principal proper Qualification of a Satirist.

'**T**IS not *Appearance*, or *Success*, that tells,
 To any solid *Purpose*, what excels;
 For, could such Things determine rightly—then
 The *Rich* and *Prosperous* were the best of *Men*;
 Much less can *Custom*, or *Opinion*, shew
 What none, but by impartial *Reason*, know!
 In *Nature* all intrinsic *Value* lies,
 Which he, who penetrating well, descrys,
 Can only find, and properly engage
 With all the *Prejudices* of an *Age*.

F I N I S.